

The Evening World

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SAVINGS LIMIT RAISED.

THE passage of the bill increasing the limit of individual deposits in postal savings banks from \$500 to \$1,000 is said to be due to a demand growing out of the war. This is probably true. It is certain that since the war broke out a great many persons of foreign birth have sought to make deposits in excess of the amount hitherto permitted, and the increase has therefore been to some extent a measure of emergency.

It is to be borne in mind, however, that the bill was passed by the House as far back as last December, when there was not so much as a rumor of European war and no emergency stress was upon the country. The fact is the increase was needed to meet the demand of our own people as much as that of foreigners, and it may be doubted whether the present concession meets the full extent of that demand.

The people of the United States need and are going to have a postal savings bank on a scale equal to the best in the world. Private savings banks do not meet that need, nor will they ever be able to do so. They may fight the postal banks, just as the express companies fought the parcel post, but the end is sure. War or no war, foreigners or no foreigners, American postal banks will be what Americans wish to suit their purposes.

SECRET DIPLOMACY AT BAY.

SINCE he spurns to wear on his breast the stars and crosses bestowed upon him in happier days by the King of Great Britain and the Czar of Russia, the Kaiser is doubtless grateful to the Emperor of Austria for the considerate courtesy shown in promptly sending him the cross of Maria Theresa. His imperial heart will not have to beat beneath a coat bare of any decoration except what he bestowed on himself, and as the new ornament will make a brave show on his uniform he doubtless values it more than the Austrian assurance, "God is with you and with us also."

Meantime of much more importance than imperial interchange of stars and crosses is the slowly but steadily developing interchange of discontents between the two governments as to the diplomacy that caused the war. Austria is growing more and more sure that Germany muddled matters by precipitating conflicts with Belgium and Great Britain, and Germany is shifting the blame upon Austria for not listening to Russian protests, instead of making war against Serbia without counting the cost. With such fault-finding breaking out thus early in the war, while success is still with the armies of the allied empires, it is easy to foresee what criminalizations and recriminations will follow if disaster comes.

Secret diplomacy is as much on trial as militarism and kaiserism. Its defects cannot be covered up with jewels and ribbons. Patriotism will prompt the brave to fight to the death since war has broken out and the land is in danger, but it will not induce men to forget the secret plotting and planning that forced on the war and bungled in the job.

PAINTED SAFETY LINES.

THE proposed safety zones for the use of passengers getting on or leaving street cars are to be forty feet long, extending eight feet from the outer rail, and are to be marked by a strip of white paint eight inches wide. All vehicles are to be forbidden to cross or to enter upon these zones when any one is standing therein.

It remains to be learned from experience how far the painted line is going to be sufficient to guarantee the safety of the zone. Similar lines are said to have been found ample for the purpose in some cities, but they are not cities with a street traffic anything like that of New York. As a rule zones of safety are raised a few inches above the level of the roadway and so form an effective physical barrier against careless driving. The value of the painted line will depend wholly upon the ability of the police to force drivers to pay attention to it. The thing can be done, of course, but for a time at least it is going to keep the police busy paying attention themselves.

CONSERVED RESERVISTS.

STATISTICS given out by the Census Bureau at Washington show that among the unnaturalized foreign residents of the United States owing allegiance to the powers now at war in Europe, there are upward of one and a half millions of men of an age that would render them liable to military duty if at home.

The war lords would of course like to have these men in the ranks of their armies, and doubtless many of them would be glad to be there. It is best for their respective countries, however, as well as for themselves, to stay here. When the war is over there is going to be an immediate big demand throughout Europe for men under forty years of age. The supply is being rapidly wasted. Over and above the carnage of battle with which war news is full, there is yet to come the waste due to disease that inevitably follows war. Though little heed has been paid this factor of the problem so far, the presence of typhoid and of cholera in some of the camps has been already noted; and the war is yet young.

Fortunate is it then for Europe that she has so many healthy reservists conserved in the United States. They are going to be able to help rebuild cities and revive industries when the strife is over, and in doing so will render to the various fatherlands much better service than they could by going to the battles and shooting one another.

Letters From the People

Marine Engineering Chances?

To the Editor of The Evening World:

What expert readers can tell a fifteen-year-old boy how best to prepare himself for the job of marine engineering? Also the chances of advancement, etc., in that profession? I would be glad to hear from you on this subject. I am a boy of fifteen and am very interested in the subject.

How about it, readers? I love the HIGH SCHOOL BOY.

In the World Almanac.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Where can I learn the size of the standing armies of the various countries in time of peace and the standing of the same armies fully mobilized in time of war?

'Dare You to Come In!'

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Greatest Battles In War-History

By Albert Payson Terhune.

No. 1—MARATHON: Democracy's Triumph Over Tyranny.

ONE September morning in 490, B. C., ten Greek generals and their commander-in-chief stood on a hilltop overlooking the plain of Marathon. They had met there to decide whether or not to give battle to a mighty Persian army that blackened the plain and the seashore beneath them. On the result of their conference hung the future of the world. And the conference, after long debate, decided in favor of battle.

Greece was made up of several little independent states. Most of these states had yielded to the sway of Darius, Emperor of Persia, who was ever seeking to enlarge his empire by gobbling his smaller and weaker neighbors. But Athens and Sparta and one or two other Greek states refused to yield to him. Wherefore Darius had invaded Greece with 1,200 warships and an army 110,000 strong, prepared to crush his foes by sheer force of numbers.

The Greeks could summon barely 11,000 men to meet the invaders. They were rushed to the front at once and encamped on the half-moon slopes of Mount Pentelicon. This was the situation: The Persians had just landed on the east coast of Attica (the state whose capital was Athens) and were making ready to march inland upon the capital. On the crescent hillside facing them were the Greeks. Between the Greeks and the Persians stretched the plain of Marathon.

Persia (the most powerful nation on earth) represented tyranny, despotism, autocracy, to the highest degree. Greek represented democracy, progress, education. A Persian victory would mean the crushing of all the things that Greece stood for. The advance of civilization would be checked for centuries. And, numerically, the odds were ten to one against Greece.

Small wonder that the ten generals deliberated long before deciding to attack. To Miltiades, one of their number, they entrusted the army's leadership for the day.

The Persians regarded the victory as already won. They were lazily preparing to advance and sweep the puny foe from their path before proceeding to Athens.

Suddenly, at the word of command, almost the entire Greek army left the hillside and dashed down into the plain. At full speed they rushed upon the Persians. The Grecian forces charged in open formation. The whole army spread out in one thin line so it could not be outflanked.

Yelling their wild battle hymn, the heavily armed Greeks hurried themselves at the foe. In the clash that followed the Greek centre gave back before the shock of greater numbers massed against it. But the right and left wings tore through the lighter armed Persian ranks like a knife through meat.

Then these two victorious wings wheeled, with one accord, and, reinforcing the centre, once more bore a bloody path through the Persian army. Heavy armor, aggressiveness and splendid physical strength won the day. The enemy's line of battle was crumpled. Seized by panic and fear, the Persians fled toward their ships.

And across the plain of Marathon surged the battle: the Greeks cutting, stabbing, hammering the broken Persian ranks, smashing every effort to rally the fugitives. Along the seashore raised the fight, the Persians dying by hundreds as they sought to scramble aboard their ships and put to sea.

When at last the Greeks were left standing triumphant on the shore there were more than six thousand dead Persians strewn the sand and the plain, and seven Persian warships had been captured. The Greeks had lost only one hundred and ninety-two men.

Miltiades feared lest the beaten foe might attack Athens by sea. So he sent Phidippides, fastest runner in all Greece, to Athens with warning and with news of the victory. Thus was the first "Marathon" run. And thus—through a victory at odds of ten to one—did Democracy score its first great triumph over Despotism.

Next—"BATTLE OF SYRACUSE."

The May Manton Fashions



Pattern No. 8392—Gathered Basque, 34 to 42 Bust.
with 1/2 yd. 21 in. wide for collar and cuffs, 1 1/2 yds. 36 in. wide for lining.
Pattern No. 8392 is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure.

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BUREAU, 60 Nassau Building, 38 West Thirty-second street (opposite Gimbel Bros.), corner Sixth Avenue and Thirty-second street, New York, or sent by mail on receipt of ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered.
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The Jarr Family



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"COME with me, my dear!" said Mrs. Clara Mudridge-Smith soothingly as Mrs. Jarr was led to the lines the police had drawn around the Jarr family's recent fireless car.

"No, she must come with me!" Mrs. Stryver declared. "I have lots of spare room." This was a stab at Mrs. Mudridge-Smith, who lived in apartments.

"But those old-fashioned houses are so damp and draughty!" remarked Mrs. Mudridge-Smith—as though forced to speak the truth, let it wound whom it may, for the Highcoats Arms, where Mrs. Mudridge-Smith resided, had every modern convenience, including Barbadoes hall-boys and an onyx entrance.

Nobody seemed to think of Mr. Jarr at all, although he was in his bare feet, sympathy being solely directed toward Mrs. Jarr and the children.

Little Emma Jarr, who had been safe at old Mrs. Dusenberry's all the time, was held up to be kissed, first by her mother and then by all the other ladies, as was also Master Willie Jarr, who was still trundling in the piano cover, he being lugged forward by several of those nondescript strangers who are emotionally sympathetic upon tragic occasions and turn up the next day to show dispossession notices and impose a financial claim upon your gratitude.

Willie Jarr was not permitted to emerge from the piano cover except so far as his head was concerned, but, still enfolded in his silken canopy, was kissed and embraced. Strong men wept, small and envious boys whistled on their fingers and yelled at each other: "Hey, Iszy Siavinsky, will it be in de movies?" and "Hi, Guishe Bepier! betcha Willie Jarr kin lick ya now!" It was all uncommonly splendid.

Meanwhile it had at last dawned upon an efficient Fire and Police Department that there was no fire, and they suddenly gathered up their implements and unlimbered their apparatus with an air that boded no good if they could "find the guy responsible."

"They rather intimidated that Mr. Jarr was the guy responsible."

The populace now, so variable is the mob, noted that Mr. Jarr was in his bare and tango-swollen feet and began to hoot him.

A policeman, voicing the hostile sentiments of all, came over and ordered Mr. Jarr to get out of there, as he was causing a crowd to collect.

Meanwhile Mrs. Stryver and Mrs. Mudridge-Smith were pressing their claims in proffering Mrs. Jarr the hospitality of their homes in this calamitous hour.

"As soon as I knew you were in peril, my dear," remarked Mrs. Stryver, "I told my maid to get out blankets and hot water bottles."

"Why do you want blankets and hot water bottles this weather, and especially after a fire?" asked the surprised Mr. Jarr.

"Isn't it always done?" snapped Mrs. Stryver. "And hot coffee? Come, my dear; my house is close at hand."

"No, come with me; my automobile is waiting! Come, bear up! Remember you are a heroine!" cried Mrs. Mudridge-Smith.

Mrs. Jarr remembered she was a heroine, and, noticing the top of the landaulet was down, suffered herself to be led to the auto, tottering and weeping, and crying:

"Where are my darlings? Oh, where are they?"

And yet, little Emma Jarr was being pressed into her arms, and Master Willie was being borne by two rum-reddent men of shabby aspect who swore in fierce undertones at each other as they carried him after her to the automobile.

Ordering the chauffeur to drive slowly with its precious load, Clara Mudridge-Smith fanned Mrs. Jarr and murmured words of sympathy, while Master Willie Jarr, still enveloped in the piano cover, with only his head emerging, bawled from the floor of the auto and little Emma Jarr shrieked and danced beside him.

All Harlem gazed from its windows and housetops. The police reserves cleared the way. Mrs. Jarr could make a social triumph out of any catastrophe!

Poor Mrs. Jarr Is Now Taking a Heroic Post-Rescue Course

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REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR GIRL.

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MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE—The inscription on the tomb of Love.

All the love routes lead to a kiss; but some men make love with the directness of an express train, some as haltingly as a local and some with the charm, smoothness and variation of a "special."

Before marriage a girl spends her time in stifling her sighs, after marriage in stifling her yawns.

Nothing shocks a man like the discovery that a woman can "make up her mind," when he married her solely for the divine reason that he thought she hadn't one.

If you receive an invitation to your summer girl's wedding next month console yourself with the thought that though she may never be your wife she cannot be another man's summer girl—at least not for a long, long time.

When a man vows he never will marry "again" listen for the wedding bells. The "never agains" are the easy fruit in the Garden of Matrimony; it's the "never at all" who are harder than a newsboy's conscience, colder than yesterday's kiss and less impressionable than a boarding house steak.

At this sentimental time of year there are melting moments when even a confirmed bachelor will acknowledge that there may be SOME reason for getting married.

What the average man calls his "judgment" is composed of one part reason and three parts digestion.

Most marriages nowadays seem built for speed rather than for endurance.

Hits From Sharp Wits.

Misery loves company that it may have the pleasure of making the company miserable.

Turning the grindstone for others to grind their axes on is not exactly a round of pleasure.—Deseret News.

The eclipse of the bridegroom is the never omitted feature of weddings.

Youth and folly live together, and sometimes folly keeps right on living.—Albany Journal.

Every little donkey has a hashaw all his own.

There is no better way to cure a fellow's itch for office than scratching.—Columbia State.

Saving consists half of avoiding waste.—Albany Journal.

The man of the hour doesn't watch the clock.—Toledo Blade.

The bartender is the only man who can keep on mixing his drinks and hold his job.—Kansas Telegraph.